THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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WE hope that all our little readers will have as good a time during their vacation as these two children are having. See how they enjoy sitting on the grass beside a stream and looking at their picture-book.

ROBERT RAIKES.

IT is about one hundred years since Robert Raikes established his first Sunday School in Gloucester, a city of England, on the river Severn. There had been Sunday Schools before this time, such as those of Borromeo in Italy, the Reformers in Germany, and Joseph Alleine, Theophilus Lindsey, and Mrs. Cappe in England; but it was not until this movement in Gloucester that a beginning was made which grew into the vast Sunday-school system which we now have.

Robert Raikes was born Sept. 14, 1735. He was the son of the printer and publisher of the *Gloucester Journal*, an able and influential newspaper. When he was but twenty-two years of age his father died, and he succeeded to him in business. From the first he advocated many a good cause in his paper. In those days prisons were almost always dark, damp, and dirty places, such as a decent farmer now would not keep his cattle in, nor hardly his hogs. Men, women, and children, debtors and felons, those hardened in crime and those guilty of only a single slight offence, were in most cases crowded into one apartment. Most prisoners were not provided by the government with beds, clothing, or food, so that those who were poor usually were in the most pitiable condition that can be imagined, unless provided for by their friends. The prisons in Gloucester, of which there were two, were among the worst in England, and Mr. Raikes, some years before he conceived the idea of a Sunday School, called attention to the wretched condition of their inmates, and the need of instructing, feeding, and clothing them. He solicited contributions for their benefit, visited them frequently, carried them food, clothing, and good books, urged those who could read to instruct those who could not, and tried to encourage all of them to lead better lives.

The idea of establishing a Sunday School seems first to have come to his mind one day when he went to a degraded part of the city to hire a gardener. The man was from home, and while Mr. Raikes awaited his return he was greatly annoyed by the noise of the children in the street, and his attention directed afresh to their depraved and neglected condition. He spoke of his pity for them to the gardener's wife, who replied, "O, sir, if you were here on Sunday, you would pity them indeed; we cannot read our Bible in peace." "Can nothing be done for these poor children?" he asked. "Is there anybody near who will take them to a school on Sunday?" At this moment the word "try" came to his mind, and he resolved that he would try at once. Four women in the neighborhood were named to him as suitable for the work, and he engaged them at a shilling a Sunday each, to instruct destitute children. His efforts were seconded by many good people, and in the highest degree successful. Other schools were at once established in Gloucester and its vicinity, and, before long, in many parts of England, so that as early as 1787 they contained no less than two hundred and fifty thousand children.

For many years Sunday Schools taught reading, and sometimes other branches of what is called secular education; but as the system of free schools spread, they very properly confined their attention more and more to instruction in morality and religion. At first only the neglected children of the poor and vicious were gathered into Sunday Schools, but they have now for a long time been attended by children of every condition in life. Perhaps there is no other project that

has been at once so successful, so popular, and so useful as this. It has been adopted by Christians of every name. It has been approved by men of every calling and every grade in society. It has increased in a hundred years from a few scholars in a single city to fifty millions of scholars scattered all over the earth.

"Once by the river's side
A little fountain rose;
Now like the Severn's seaward tide,
Round the broad world it flows."

Robert Raikes died April 5, 1811, aged 75 years.

For The Dayspring.

THE ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

H.

As now at length from G to H we pass,
Shall H for Hornet stand, or Hoppergrass?
(This was the name by which we used to call
The Grasshopper, when we were children small;
Perhaps because we, frolic-loving elves,
Liked so to turn head-over-heels ourselves.
We did so with our words and "put," one day,
"The cart before the horse," as people say;
Though children now-a-days, we find, prefer,
To call the Hoppergrass a Grasshopper.)
This insect here might claim a place, you see,
Since he was slighted under letter G;
Unhappily 'tis now too late to stop
For Hoppergrass, so we must let him hop.
Another reason, too, among the rest,
Is this: that Hornet suits our metre best.
Besides, this insect has a higher claim
To our regard than his sonorous name.
The Wasps,— of which (as in the books you'll find)
The Hornet is the largest, fiercest kind, —
Although to many children they are known
By their loud hum and dreadful sting alone,
Possess a power not even found in Bees, —
Instinct or Genius, call it which you please.
'Tis born with them, and is, from age to age,
From sire to son a constant heritage.
They are born Paper-Makers — every one —
A perfect artist, every mother's son.
You know the Lord has, in his wisdom, made
The creatures teach man many an art and trade.
Thus men learned sailing from the Nautilus;
To build a dam the Beaver teaches us.
And science, too, we learn from them: the Bee
Gives us a lesson in Geometry;
And Wasp and Hornet God has made impart
To our slow race the paper-making art.
Long before ever, from the river's side,
In Egypt men had plucked and pressed and dried
Papyrus-leaves, the Wasps had shown a way
Of manufacturing *papier-maché*.
Each little insect's mouth — how very odd! —
Contains at once a pickaxe and a hod.
To some old fence or tree they'll go, and there
With patience fibre after fibre tear,
Then take them home and mash them, and with glue
Stiffen the pulp and spread and smooth it too;
And so, with wondrous science, skill, and care,
A strong house-paper they have ready there,
With which they do not merely line the wall,
But build the whole house, roof and sides and all.
In summer, in the woods, you'll often see
The Hornet's pent-house hanging from a tree, —
A great thick paper-roof, and under that
The cells all opening downward, flat on flat.
Although they make no honey, as do Bees,
Yet they, too, build their cells, as well as these.
Each cell the chamber and the cradle, where
They rear their offspring with parental care,
And sally forth to gather for them food
In ways which he who made them meant they should.
The Wasps, too, have a queen, — not idle she, —
As in the hive, you know, is the Queen Bee —
But the industrious mother; all day long
She's working for and with her busy throng.
When, in the winter, all the males have died,
She comes in spring a new house to provide.
With tools well armed and loud and busy hum,
Forth a new tribe of paper-builders come.
Shall we not call their wondrous art divine?
Creation's Maker! let the praise be thine!
Let us not curse the Hornet tribe, nor dare
To call them only Brigands of the Air;
Since to our race by Heaven's high will they preach,
And many a wise and useful lesson teach.
Then let us praise the great Creator's name
Whose wisdom formed this Universal Frame.
Naught evil has the Heavenly Father planned,
No evil creature cometh from his hand.
So even the Hornet-tribe with Bees combine
To sing of Wisdom, Goodness, Love Divine.

NEWPORT, R. I. C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

FAIRIES.

BY ANNIE B. STEPHENS.

DAISY was six years old, and she was learning to sew. She sat in her own little chair not far from her mother's, and so near the low window that she could look right into the bluebird's nest in the maple-tree close by the house. She was trying to hem a handkerchief for herself, but she was not trying very hard, for, after taking a few crooked stitches that looked as if they were running away from the hem as fast as they could, she dropped her work on her lap, and resting one fat little arm on the window-seat, she began to watch Tom and Tilly at work upon their nest. They were lining it with the fluffy little feathers which the old white hen dropped about in the yard below; and as Daisy watched them working busily, she wished that she were a bird and could fly up and down gathering feathers instead of hemming handkerchiefs.

"Tilly doesn't have any handkerchiefs," she said to herself. "She hasn't any pocket under her feathers to keep them in; she might tuck one under her wing, but it would drop out as soon as she began to fly, and she would lose them faster than I do." Then her thoughts came back to her own lying in her lap, and she took a few more stitches, but they seemed to grow more and more crooked, and at last she laid it down, saying out loud, —

"Oh dear! I wish the fairies would hem my handkerchief for me."

"Let us see if we can find some who will do it for my little girl," said her mother, smiling.

"Oh, mamma, how can you? There aren't any real ones, but, if there were, how do you suppose they would look? How big would they be? Tell me a story about the fairies, mamma, will you, please? and Daisy drew up her little chair close in front of her mother's, with her eyes and ears very wide open.

"Those in my story," said her mother, "are so small that if you hold out the palm of your hand with the thumb lying on it, as many as three little fairies could play that the thumb was their sofa and rest their feet on the soft pink cushions below. How still you would hold your hand so as not to shake them off!"

"Wouldn't I!" said Daisy, "so still that they could dance all about and have it for their little room."

"It was a beautiful moonlight night in summer," her mother began, "and almost time for the fairies to meet their queen at the foot of the old oak-tree in the forest. Her throne was a seat of soft green moss with tall grass at the back, on which the spiders had hung their cobweb curtains, sparkling all over with dewdrops. The fairies were coming as fast as they could, some in carriages of walnut shells with beetles for horses, some hoppity-hop on the backs of toads, and those who liked faster horses flew through the air on beautiful big dragon-flies.

"Very soon came the queen of the fairies in a pea-pod carriage lined with the silky down of the milk-weed, drawn by four silver moths, and in front a band of fire-flies to light her way through the shady places.

"She took her seat on her throne and sent a messenger to call them all together. He climbed to the top of a blue-bell stem and swung back and forth, till, far and near, they all heard the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the fairy bells, and took their seats on the green moss at the feet of their queen.

"Then she asked them to tell her of any kind things they had done since they met the night before.

"Said one, 'I watched by a little sick girl as she tossed about on her bed, fanning her with my gauzy wings and whispering in her ear a story of my home in the woods, till she dreamed a happy dream of the fairies and smiled in her sleep.'

"'I,' said another, 'flew to the open window where a poor woman was sewing fast to finish her work before it grew dark; I passed my cool hands over her tired eyelids, and blew the hair away from her forehead with a gentle breath that seemed to her as if it came from the sweet hay-fields in the country, and her needle flew faster still.'

"Another said, 'I met a little boy crying by the roadside. He had a sharp stone in his shoe, and the string was in a hard knot. He tried very hard but he could not undo it, and at every step the stone hurt his foot. I put my fingers in where his were too large to go, and loosened the knot so that when he tried again it untied, and I brushed the tears from his eyes.'

"And said another, 'I stood by the dear old grandmother at her knitting and polished her glasses with the down on my silver coat, and when she dropped a stitch, I caught it and helped her needle through.'

"Another said, 'I flew into a pleasant room where ever so many little children were as busy as bees, and I helped all who were trying to help themselves. Sometimes, when the paper slipped away from their fingers and did not fold straight, I held it still with my little foot; when the needle could not find the hole, I pushed it in; and I kept a block in place that was just ready to fall; and sometimes I did not touch their work, but whispered in their ears, "Be very patient and try once more;" and I waited till I saw it all come right, and heard them say, "I'm glad I didn't give it up." When they left their work and played their merry games, I stood with them in the ring, and to those who were forgetting I whispered, "Be gentle, be good to one another, and make all as happy as you can." Then their faces grew sweet and sunny, and I was glad to join them in their play.'

"So they told, one by one, of the loving things they had done to help the sick and the poor and all who were trying to do their best.

"Their queen looked very happy as she told them how glad she was that they had been able to help so many; and then she came down from her throne and they all sat around the toad-stool tables where the bees had been getting their supper ready, and very hungry little fairies they were after all the work they had done.

"There were rose-leaf plates for every one, and moss-cups filled with the dew; there were nuts which the squirrels had cracked for them, and fresh honey the bees had brought, and the juice of the purple grapes which was held in a buttercup bowl. They had goblets from the red clover blossoms, and pitchers of scarlet columbine filled with the honey that fairies delight in, and a great many other good things.

"After that they played their fairy games, hiding in flowers, swinging in cobweb hammocks, and dancing in circles all over the grass until they heard the blue-bells ringing and knew that it was time to bid one another good-by and go home to bed, so away they all scattered, on beetles, and moths, and dragon-flies, and on toads that went hoppity-hop."

Daisy drew a long breath, — "Oh, is that all? Thank you, mamma; how I wish there really were any fairies! Wouldn't

they be dear little things to play with?"

"Yes," answered her mother, "it's very pleasant to make believe there are these tiny people who live with the birds and butterflies and yet can talk and work and play as we do; but what would you think, my Daisy, if I should tell you that you have ten real fairies with you all the time, who do whatever you tell them to do, and you are their fairy queen?"

"What do you mean, mamma? Where are they? I never saw them in my life;" and Daisy looked up over her head very quickly, as if she expected to see them flying about in the air.

"Oh, they are nearer to you than that," said her mother, taking one little fat hand in hers and gently pinching the tiniest finger of all. "Where can you find a better fairy than this? Look at its velvety dress of pink and white, and feel its delicate bones and joints."

"My fingers, mamma, my own ten little fingers! How funny to call them fairies!"

"They can do as wonderful things as any that the other fairies did," said her mother. "Send them out every morning with clean, fresh faces, to do whatever helpful and pleasant things they can find to do, and at night ask them to tell you what they have been busy about all day; try it, my little daughter, and see what the fairies will do for their fairy queen."

Daisy looked up with a happy smile, and took up her handkerchief that had fallen upon the floor. "Fairies," she said, "come here, I have some work for you to do. These crooked stitches must be all picked out, and then, you tall and strong little fairy, put on your silver hat and push my needle in very straight and be careful not to prick your little sisters."

So she worked and chatted away with her fairy helpers until her mother lay down upon the lounge to try if a nap would cure her headache.

In a few minutes she felt a soft touch on her cheek, and a little voice whispered, "I have sent my fairies to bathe your head and smooth away the pain. Do you think they can do it, mamma?"

"No one can do it so well, my little fairy queen."

DR. HOLMES'S HUMOR.

SOME time ago Miss Annie Lawrence, one of the younger pupils of the Reading (Mass.) High School, wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, stating that the Old South Literary Society was about to discuss his life and works, and asking if he could send a little poetical contribution for the occasion. The reply of the genial author is very characteristic, and is as follows: "If you knew how many letters I have to write every day, you would say, 'Poor, dear man, how tired he must be!' We that make rhymes are expected to turn them on as you turn on water through a faucet—whenever it is wanted. But writing poetry is like shooting ducks or geese — you may load up and paddle off, and watch all the morning, and never see duck or goose, except yourself as reflected in the water. So, my dear young lady, I will only say that I should like very much to please you and a great many other young friends—and old ones — by writing all sorts of odes, elegies, epics, epigrams, &c., but I have to content myself by disappointing you and them with a little scrap of a note like this, sweetened with good-will and good wishes, and nothing else in the world to pay for postage stamps wasted on me." — *Boston Transcript.*

For The Dayspring.

LETTERS FROM A GRANDMOTHER.

I.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—In these days of cooking schools, it is desirable that you should know where the various articles of food come from. *Flour* is ground from wheat. It is raised principally in the middle States; but you will find fields of barley, wheat, and rye in the country round here, and you must learn to distinguish them. Wheat has a shorter beard (or long bristles) than the other two. The grain is threshed (to separate it from the straw) and taken to mill.

Buckwheat is a beautiful crop, which you will know by the white blossoms.

Oats is another of the cereals, as they are called. It droops over, and each grain is on a separate stalk, open like little mouths at the end.

Potatoes are planted in hills, and grow from the eye of the old potato. The flowers are very pretty.

You all know *corn* when it is growing. But did you ever think how wonderful it is that a little seed should produce this large plant, with its glossy, hanging silken leaves, and a tassel on the top of the thick stalk? And then the corn itself, wrapped on the outside in a coarser fabric, and then a soft tissue over the regular rows of beautiful grain. Nothing can be more pleasant to look upon than a large field of Indian corn waving in the sunshine,—such a promise of abundance for man and beast. When taken from the cob it is sent to mill, and ground, either coarsely, for hominy, or into meal.

Sugar is raised in the West India Islands, and clarified here. Maple-sugar is made by tapping the trees in the spring, and boiling down the sap.

Salt is often made from salt water by exposing it to the sun; but most of that we use is dug in mines.

Pepper is hard,—like little peas,—and grows in warm climates.

Coffee also grows in the tropics.

Butter, you need scarcely be told, is made from cream (or the richest part of the milk), which rises on top of shallow pans. It is dashed about or twirled round in a churn to separate the oily parts, and then made up for table.

I hope that my dear little girls as they grow older will learn to make excellent bread, and to prepare food in a neat and careful manner. Nothing should be wasted. You see how lavishly our kind Heavenly Father has provided for our wants.

> "His bounty through creation flows
> Full, free, and unconfined."

In old times, children were obliged to be more respectful to their elders than is now required. No child was allowed to taste a glass of water at table, without bowing, and saying, "Duty to papa and mamma, love to brothers and sisters." This is no longer the custom; but children should still be orderly and quiet at table, listening, but not obtruding their opinions.

Your loving Grandmamma.

HE that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

TO tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for, though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

NEVER respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philanthropy; we do not value the sun for its height, but for its use.

For The Dayspring.

WHAT PUSS SAID TO THE MOUSE.

"COME in, come in," said pussy cat,
"And let us have a friendly chat.
You must be hungry by this time,
So pray come in, my dear, and dine.

"I have some cheese, that's quite a treat;
I've kept the best for you to eat;
I'll just throw out a tiny bit,
That you may have a taste of it.

"Ha! ha! you say it's very nice;
That's what say all the little mice.
I have some milk, too, you can drink,"
Said pussy, with a cunning wink.

"And after you have been well fed,
I'll let you lie upon my bed,
Where many mice have lain before
Who came too near my open door.

"I would not stay out in the sun,
It is not good for any one.
So come right in," said pussy cat,
"And take a seat upon my mat."

. . . . .

"I cannot stop," said mouse, "to-day;
I've work to do as well as play.
But I enjoy this blessed sun,
And so, I think, does every one.

"*You're fond of mice!* That's rather queer.
I'm fond of cats, — but not too near.
This distance off I feel at ease;
Please throw another bit of cheese.

"I'll be content to eat it here,
But beg you will not interfere.
It might take up your precious time,
And that would almost be a crime.

"Your mat, no doubt, is very nice, —
Almost too good for little mice.
I take *my* nap at night, not day."
With that he scampered right away.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

THE YOUNG SAILOR.

Do you see what a nice time Caspar Brown is having? He is through for a while with studies and recitations at school. He has passed an examination and been admitted to the next class, and now he has left the noisy, crowded city, where he has been obliged to live since last September, and come to the seashore to spend his vacation. How glad he is to get away from books and lessons, and the high, narrow house in which he lives, and the little, pent-up back yard where he has to play much of the time, and to come to the country, where he can play in great barns, and roam in fields and pastures for miles!

Best of all, Caspar has a boat which he calls "The Gypsy," and where he is spending his vacation there is a quiet little harbor, and a wharf that is never crowded with vessels like those in the city. Here he can sit by the hour and see "The Gypsy" float. We are glad to say that she floats as finely as any vessel you ever saw. Caspar wishes that he did not have to keep a string tied to her, and so do we, but if he did not she would be in danger of going out to sea where he could not get her again.

When vacation is over Caspar will go back to the city and to school.

For The Dayspring.

LULU'S PICNIC.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

"LINA! mamma says we may go to 'Laurel Woods' and have a picnic while she and papa are gone, and that Tramp may go with us to make the fire and roast the potatoes and corn, and oh, won't it be splendid!" and Lulu twirled about on one foot after the manner of a first-class ballet dancer.

Lina heard her enthusiastic sister to the end without a word, though sympathizing with her anticipations of the pleasure to come, and then asked demurely, —

"What about our company? I mean the expected cousin? *She* won't care for the picnic, I suppose, and of course we can't go and leave her at home. You forgot about her, I guess."

A shade fell on Lulu's bright face, but it passed as the shadow of a summer cloud, wind-swept, from a field of ripening grain, and a sunny smile came in its place, as she replied, —

"I did forget it, true enough, but mamma will fix it all right," with a child's sweet confidence in the dear mother ability and power to make any untoward circumstance yield as desired; "and if she likes to go, well and good, the more the merrier. Won't it be fun, Lina?"

"Yes, indeed, but don't begin to pack the baskets yet; wait till the time comes," called her sister after her as Lulu flew up the avenue, singing "I'd be a butterfly," turning to run over the smooth lawn to the pond, where Tramp (a colored boy whom her Uncle Edward had befriended and brought home with him, at the close of his first campaign in the late war) was feeding the swans.

When there, Lulu burst into peals of laughter as she saw Juno, a superb creature, sailing majestically afar over the silver lake, with Tramp's old, torn straw hat on her queenly head, while the boy was trying in vain to lure her within reach with crumbs and grain. He at last lost his temper, and began running back and forth, scolding and shaking his fist at Pallas, her mate, who was quietly enjoying the feast spread on the rippled surface before him, in quiet unconcern of Madame Juno's escapade or Tramp's impatience.

"Come ahere! jess yer wait till I cotch you! brung dat yere hat back. Gosh, gum! Oh, Missie Lulu!" he exclaimed, as he saw her, "jess see what that ole goose gone ben dun, got my bess hat on her ole catapult!" he ejaculated, flinging a pebble at the offender that fell short of its mark, while Lulu stopped laughing to say in an elderly way, —

"Don't say swear words, Tramp. Uncle Ned don't 'low you to. Why don't you go for the oars and get into the 'Gem,' and go after her for the hat, instead of staying here making a fuss about it. You'd have had it long ago, if you'd thought of that."

"Lor a massy, Missie, I neber recommembered dat I could go for to do dat," grinned Tramp delightedly, starting for the boat-house. Lulu watched him capture the hat, and when he returned, unfolded the plan of the picnic, sure of an eager listener, for Tramp liked any thing better than work.

The eventful day arrived, and a fairer never dawned: earth, air, and sky perfect as an Eden day, without a staining cloud. Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope departed, leaving the children in charge of trusty servants, with the oversight of their Uncle Edward, who lived near.

An orphan niece of Mrs. Stanhope's had

come to find a home with them, having arrived a few days before that fixed for the departure of her aunt and uncle.

Blanche Howard had been an only, and unfortunately had become a spoiled, child; and grieving for the dear father who had recently died (leaving his motherless child to the care of his favorite sister), she was as unhappy and irritable a child as ever lived, when the novelty of the new home began to wear away; and she proved a very uncomfortable companion to her little cousins, who were sincerely sorry for her, and did their best to comfort and console.

On the day of the picnic, the two-seated wagonette came to the door, baskets were safely stored within, and all was ready, when Blanche angrily declared, "I won't go if *that* thing is going!" pointing scornfully at Tramp, who stood at Jet's head. "I have never been used to 'sociating with niggers, and I won't now, if you do! They ain't fit to live, anyhow!"

Lulu looked with wide-opened eyes from Blanche to Lina, who exclaimed, —

"Why, Blanche, how can you speak so! we could not get along without Tramp, and we asked mamma to let him go. He will make the fire for us, catch the trout, and bake the potatoes and corn for our dinner, and — and it wouldn't be half the fun if we couldn't have all those things, you know," she said earnestly.

"I don't care," answered Blanche pettishly, "he shan't ride in this carriage with me, so there!" and she stamped her foot furiously, as if the weight of the argument lay in the force thus given to her words.

"Please, Missie Lina, Tramp jess ride afoot, side dat yere waggun, jess like's not. Dis yere chile can predestrinate fus rate, ye jess see, an' not trubble de white youn lady (with a polite bow) wid no nigger comp'ny;" and off Tramp started, showing a fine sarcasm, though he knew it not, as well as a gleam of irony in his broad smile, that reminded one of a silver moon breaking through a storm cloud.

Lina, to keep the peace, said not a word when Lulu's indignation broke out in a severe rebuke to her cousin, for she could not check her sister, feeling in her heart that the little champion of the oppressed was in the right.

"We don't 'sociate with niggers, Cousin Blanche. Uncle Ned says Tramp has a white soul, and that he's got the making of a man in him, give him a chance, and *he* knows! and mamma lets him go with us always, when we go to the woods, or anywhere like that, 'cause Uncle Ned says he's safe 's a man to depend on in a tight place, 'cause he's had a hard time ever since he was born, and lived lots of ways that's learned him lots. Didn't he carry water to Uncle Ned when he lay all day with his leg shooted on the battle field, and all the booms aflying over em?" she queried excitedly. "Anyhow," she added, fixing her bright eyes on Miss Blanche's now rather crestfallen face, "God made him, and cares as much for him, most prodably, as he does for Miss Blanche Howard or any of the rest of us," explained Lulu more forcibly than grammatically or clearly.

After Lulu's outburst, the ride was taken in silence, till the picnic-ground was reached, when on alighting at the lovely spot, nature's sweet influences dispelled the cloud on Blanche's face, and lifted the weight on the hearts of her companions; and with exclamations of delight they ran about, finding beauty on every side.

"Oh, Lina! see this clematis! do you remember when we were here last, it was only over that willow stump, and now look,

it is like a veil of white, shiny tissue, thrown over all those old, ugly trunks!"

"Yes," answered Lina, "but just see what I have found! here is ever so much checkerberry, and heaps and heaps of young shoots! I didn't know there was any here! — and oh, some dear little berries! — and oh, Lulu! some pitcher plants! Let's get some and take home, and get a basket of them, with ferns, and other pretty things, for mamma, for the winter!" And so they went from place to place, spying out new beauties, and finding old friends.

Blanche, who was quite unused to rural pleasures of this kind, not understanding the enthusiasm of her cousins, yet seemed interested in their discoveries, and harmony prevailed.

Tramp had arrived, and was making himself busy in preparing a place for the fire. "Laurel Woods" had been the scene of many a picnic, and some party had left a barrel standing near where the fire was burning itself into a bed of red embers, and while waiting its progress, Tramp had seated himself upon it, and was amusing himself with singing, in a sweet voice, some of his favorite melodies; and his queer hymns, being nature's own effort, did not sound inharmoniously when accompanied by the rustle of the breeze-stirred trees, the ripple of the swift brook, and the twitter of the birds, disturbed in their sylvan solitudes.

The girls were again rambling about, searching now for deserted nests on the grass beneath the trees, when Lina said, —

"Hark! listen a moment! what is that noise?"

"Some kind of a bird, isn't it?" said Lulu.

"Some kind of a *beast*, *I* should say," said Blanche.

"I don't — know," said Lina slowly, listening intently. "Where is it, I wonder?" and she retraced her steps, followed by the others, to where the fire was burning.

The barrel on which they had left Tramp seated was overturned, and only a pair of ragged boots, kicking frantically out one end were to be seen (the head having given way, the barrel had swallowed the boy, doubled up like a jack-knife), while from it proceeded the remarkable sounds that had attracted Lina's attention. As they looked, the barrel, having by its internal agitations been started from its former place, was seen to be rolling down the hill, at the foot of which sang the noisy brook, tripping over numberless stones on its way to join the "brimming river."

Lina screamed aloud in fright, despite the laugh that burst from her astonished companions.

"What is it? Oh, Tramp, stop! stop!" she cried wildly, wringing her hands in dismay, as, strange to say, Tramp did *not* stop, but, like the brook, kept on, and on, till in bounced barrel and doubled-up Tramp, at last released from "durance vile" by the bursting of the barrel's hoops, with a splash that sent the shining drops of water high in the sunny air.

"Oh, girls! what shall we do! he'll be drowned! he will! he will! oh, poor Tramp! Lulu, what *shall* we do? and nobody here!" and Lina burst into tears, as she rushed down the hill, Blanche and Lulu following, stricken to silence by the fearful thought.

As they drew near up rose Tramp, *not* like a "Venus from the waves," but like a shaggy Newfoundland dog, dripping, spluttering, his curly wool holding water like little tunnels, all pouring their streams over his black face, while his teeth gleamed

like an iceberg in the sun, as he stood shivering and shaking with cold and fright.

"Oh, Tramp! *are* you drowned?" cried Lina, as she drew a breath of relief.

"Of course he ain't drowned," said Lulu. "But *are* you killed, Tramp?" she asked anxiously.

"I guess he's neither killed nor drowned," said Blanche, "but I think he's made a great fuss about nothing; more than any nigger's worth," she said with a contemptuous sneer, as she turned and walked away.

"Oh, I am so glad you're safe!" said Lina, "but you must have hurt yourself somewhere," she added kindly.

"Neber you mind, Missie, but dem dar barrel dun git no comfort for a roly poly, dat sure," said Tramp, squeezing the water from his thick wool; "dat one like nuf to smudder me, fore the thing lit an' dis nigger thought he dun fore, shure nuf."

"But, Tramp, you must dry your clothes some way," said Lina, "you'll get cold if you don't. What'll you do? Must you go home?" asked she wistfully, fearing the day's sport must end then and there.

"No marm! dis nigger git wettins too frekent to mind a little souse like dis yere. Tramp jess clim' a tree awhile, and dry dese yere fedders in der sun, an' hang 'em on der branches whiles ye little missies jess play roun', an' den we'll git to work in big earnest, an' de fire'll finish der dryin;" and almost as he finished speaking, the nearest tree received him among its thick foliage, and he was lost to sight.

The girls laughed heartily at his predicament, and easily amused themselves till Tramp again made his appearance, insisting that he was "bone dry," though whether that statement was strictly true or made to suit the occasion, might reasonably have been doubted.

After a dinner of trout, caught by Tramp in the little brook, and nicely broiled, while the potatoes and corn were roasting, the girls set off to find a particular kind of fern they desired to complete their collection to take home, Blanche taking a ramble on her own account, and Tramp remaining to take care of the dishes and the remains of the fire.

Charging Blanche not to stray beyond sight or sound, if she did not keep with them, the sisters rather enjoyed being together without her for awhile, and chatted happily over home interests and plans, till at length Lulu said, —

"I declare, Lina, I'm real sorry for Blanche, but I *can't* like her, and I wish — she'd never come! Wasn't she real hateful about Tramp?"

"Yes," answered gentle Lina, "but we must remember that she is unhappy, and that makes her nervous and cross, and she has been petted so much, I suppose she misses it."

"Well, anyway it seems to me a body needn't be cross and silly because one's not made a baby of, and mamma was unhappy when grandma died, but she didn't get cross or nervous, if that's it," said Lulu.

"No, I guess not, indeed," replied Lina, hastily, "mamma's never cross, but I think, Lulu, dear mamma would say, if we can't think of some good things to say about cousin Blanche, we had better talk of something else, so let's make the best of her, and see who will get to the big tree over there first. One, two, three — *start!*" and off they ran, bright eyes flashing with fun and health, nut-brown curls floating on the summer air, as they sped to the kingly oak.

Below the high land where "Laurel Woods" stood, — a crown of beauty in the

landscape for miles around, — lay a swamp, so boggy and deep as to be considered dangerous. Weird stories and haunting legends had been told of reckless tampering with its horrors, — whether true or false, believed by many in the vicinity, — and the terror of Lina and Lulu when, on reaching the shadow of the oak, they threw themselves down to rest and enjoy the lovely picture spread before them, they saw, far below, Blanche Howard, alone, carefully making her way over the swampy land toward a mass of rhododendrons, blossoming in glory in the heart of the treacherous waste, can be more easily imagined than described.

A wild scream burst from both startled girls, but Blanche heard it not, and, daintily picking her way over the green tufts, was gradually nearing the coveted prize, and, alas! her sure destruction, too, for who could help her? Who could save?

The screams brought Tramp; for he zealously guarded the children trusted to his care, as well as loved them for their ever kind treatment.

Lina could only point and gasp, "Save her! she's all alone, and we shouldn't have left her!" and falling on her knees, she covered her face, and prayed aloud in her distress, "Oh, our Father in Heaven! she has no father but thee! help her! save her!"

"Tramp will help her," cried Lulu, with a white face and streaming eyes, but with a ring of trust in her voice that reached the boy's heart, and poor Tramp's "white soul" awoke to the emergency, and met it.

With a nervous laugh he said excitedly, "Tramp'll try to save little Missie, ef him was black nigger her don't 'sociate to, an' yere goes!" and off he raced, only stopping, as he fairly flew down the rough hillside, over fences and walls, to tear a board off one side of a cattle shed beside the last boundary, then carefully making his way over the grassy humps as Blanche had done; while the girls, watching, saw with horror that she had stopped, and as she reached for the flowers she seemed to suddenly sink to her knees, when they saw her turn a wild, anguished look backward, and, knowing that she must be sinking into the slimy blackness beneath, Lina and Lulu hid their faces with a fresh burst of tears, crying out, —

"Oh! he's too late! she's lost! oh, Tramp! Tramp!" not daring to look again, till Lulu cried, —

"Lina, you look. I'm afraid to." And Lina gathered courage, with faint hope, and looked up to see that Tramp had laid the plank he carried on the hillocks of long grass that grew greenest where the danger was greatest, just as vice often hides its awful deformity under the most alluring pleasures, and was carefully leading Blanche over it, till, on reaching the safe path again, she fell at his feet, and he was obliged to carry her in his arms until they came to the road.

The picnic had a rather sorrowful ending, but once at home, recovered and quieted, the gratitude of the united family for her safety poured freely upon the hero of the hour. Blanche herself had the good sense to accept the obligation from him with the real gracefulness of a noble heart, whose good impulses were but overgrown with weeds; and Tramp really valued her thanks more than all the others, as he had keenly felt her scorn.

Said Blanche, "I owe my life to you, Tramp, and I thank you for what you did. I would like to take back what I said, too, if you please." And Tramp replied, —

"Nebber sed noffin, Missie. Tramp got bery good forget. Gor-a-mighty saved Missie, though—*Tramp ony dun fotch a plank!*"

A RETURNING ROBIN.

EARLY last summer, a young robin with a broken wing fell into the hands of Galen Hull. Galen is twelve years old, a high-school boy in Charlestown, N. H. He took the robin home. What to do with the bird, was the question. If not protected, it would soon die, or be killed by cats or by other birds. Galen found his mother ready to enter into his benevolent designs. A vacant attic-room was given to the robin, with the occasional liberty of the rest of the house, and thus it was cared for until able to fly. Late in the summer, Mrs. Hull, when starting on a drive, placed birdie in a basket, and put the basket under her shawl. About a mile from the house, and in a wood, she took off the cover. "Good-by, robin," she said; — good-by for ever, she thought.

Autumn and winter passed away, and a month ago, viz., on the fifteenth of April, a robin pecked at the window. Now, it is difficult to distinguish one bird from another of the same species; but a little lop of the wing was discovered, and, even if this mark of identity had been wanting, there would have been no doubt, when the robin flew to its various haunts in the house, paying special attention to the feeding-places of last year, that this was the patient treated in 1879. She seemed to say, "You are people that I can trust. I would like to make my nest here." So Mr. Hull made a shelf just outside the middle of a window, secure from the cat; for cats, you know, cannot climb on glass. The rest of the work was done without hands. A nest was builded; for Miss had become Mrs. Robin. A singing, but somewhat shyer robin was observed in her company; and it was noticed that the larger pieces of boiled potato presented to her ladyship were carried away in her bill, it was suspected, to her mate. To shorten the story, you can see now four of the bluest of sky-blue eggs by looking through the window-pane. When Galen goes to the window, or his mother, the robin does not think it worth while to move, but continues her sedentary occupation; when a stranger approaches, she flies away, and leaves the eggs exposed to view.

Some boys and girls desire to catch the wild birds and tame them. "We can make them happy," they say; but, do your best, you cannot make them *so* happy as Galen has the robin. "Give me liberty," they sing, "and not a cage;" and to those who look through the window at the nest, "You may see my eggs, but do not detain me." — *Our Dumb Animals.*

THE SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS.

WHAT child has not noticed the closing of the petals in many flowers just as the day closes? In many plants the leaves also fold themselves up with the fading day, and do not awake from their slumber till the morning sun rouses them. Some are so sensitive to the light that they will close with even a passing cloud. The dandelion opens at five in the morning, but is not so early a riser as the goat's-beard, which opens its bright eyes at three o'clock, and goes to sleep again at six in the evening. But there are some flowers, which, like fashionable people, turn night into day. The night-blooming cereus begins to unfold its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms at twilight, is in full bloom at midnight, and sleeps its last sleep with the day-dawn. — *S. S. Advocate.*

HE who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.

FROM A LETTER.

CALIFORNIA, MAY 30.

OUR boy aged just six has preached his first sermon.

He gave us our hymn-books, and after we had sung the 167th hymn, he said with perfect gravity and sweetness, —

"My dear friends; it is very hard to be good, I think. But you have got to try.

"There were once two little brooks flowing down a bank, and one said to the other, 'I think I will flow over the town, and make the people mad.' But the other one said, 'Oh no!' But the first one did it, and then the other one flowed after it.

"So you see, that's the way people do. One says, 'Let's do something wrong,' and then the other one follows along after him. Let us sing the 95th hymn."

What do you think of that for an *absolutely unsuggested* treatment of the problem of evil?

THE second supplement to the catalogue of books for Sunday-school libraries, recommended by the Ladies' Commission, has just been published, and can be obtained at 7 Tremont Place, Boston. The Commission has examined during the last twelve months three hundred and twenty-four books, of which thirty-three per cent are recommended in the catalogue.

WE have received the second number of the "Church and Home," an attractive little paper published by the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Shelbyville, Ill., and edited by Rev. J. L. Douthit, the pastor of that church. It is just the paper to reach the people that we most need to reach, and we sincerely wish that Mr. Douthit may live to edit five hundred numbers, and to see its circulation a million copies a month.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 1, 12, 13, 10, are worn by our grandmothers.
My 2, 3, 4, 4, is an elevation of land.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is an expression of enjoyment.
My 16, 17, 18, 19, are parts of a year.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, is a covering for the head.
My 4, 12, 5, 15, is a title of respect.
My whole is a phrase applied to the springtime of life.

PUZZLE.

By most of the male sex I'm frequently used;
By most of the fair sex I'm often abused;
Some say I bring health, while others affirm
That he who will use me must shorten life's term.
I am railed at by foes, but my misery ends
In the saddest of fates, — I am burnt by my friends.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

General Charles Lee.

CHARADE.

Imp-or-tune.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. V a N
2. I thac A
3. C owsli P
4. T ornad O
5. O n E
6. R os E
7. I dah O
8. A mazo N

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